

## SUNDAY SENSATIONS.

**Splendid Work of the New York Newspapers Every Week.**  
(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The output of the metropolitan press on a Sunday is one of the modern marvels of literary and mechanical industry. Twenty years ago an eight or twelve page paper was looked upon as a remarkable stroke of enterprise; now the publishers do not think they are abreast of the times unless they give you at least a half pound of reading matter, embracing from twenty-four to forty-eight pages. Still greater is the wonder that the managing editors so succeed in diversifying the matter which they send out to the public that one feels dissatisfied with a single journal and equally unhappy at its inability to swallow the entire mass of interesting literature at one gulp. Thus every paper has an individuality of its own, a physiognomy, so to speak, as distinct as that in persons. Its pictures, themes, range of thought, method of treatment and general style all vary from those presented by the other papers, yet all are attractive to an extraordinary degree.

Take The Herald, Sun, World, Times, Press, Star and Tribune, to say nothing of The Sunday Dispatch and Mercury, and you have as many unbound volumes of choice matter as a man can read in an entire week. Yet there are thousands who buy the whole lot. The politicians constitute one class of purchasers; the ladies are likewise a numerous body of customers; advertisers are eager to scan the "want" columns; others are following the "To be continued" stories, while hundreds of literary people, with scissors and paste pot, transfer to their scrap books the many articles they desire to preserve. More than one person within the writer's acquaintance employs a secretary whose duties it is to cull, classify and index the material selected for future use, and in the library of a famous correspondent, whose name is familiar to the reading world, a score of shelves are occupied with the scrap books that some day will furnish him these best thoughts of the best writers of our land.

It is safe to say that within a decade the army of readers has increased ten fold; editors have, therefore, been compelled to keep pace with the progressive demands of their more cultivated taste, and thus we have better papers than ever before. By way of illustration, let me briefly describe three of them as they appeared on a recent Sunday—The World, Sun and Herald—all the titles referred to covering articles ranging from a column to a page in length, and not including the current news of the day.

In The World were nearly four pages devoted to the return of Nellie Bly from her remarkable trip around the world in seventy-two days. One of these pages contained an entire pictorial game based on the event. It is safe to say that although the expedition did not cost The World proprietor more than \$5,000, the daily sales of the paper during her absence have been increased five times that amount. Other articles comprised Salvini's farewell to America and autograph letter of advice; the offer of a ten thousand dollar policy for the most popular police officer in the country, the question to be decided by the vote of The World's readers; a special letter by Castelar, the Brazilian statesman, on affairs in Brazil; how an artist paints a portrait; ramié, the new rival of cotton; the progress of science and art; the story of a detective; what it costs to keep a brougham; what is going on in society; new fads in note paper, with the signatures of some of the fashionables; Annie Louise Cary in a diet kitchen; a brilliant achievement in stage machinery; dramatic criticisms, with notes; how to play baseball indoors; The World's funny side; Bill Nye on his travels; a page story by Rider Haggard; a sketch of Paul Jones by Admiral David Porter, and a page devoted to the entertainment of youth. In addition to this were scores of lesser articles, and editorials and advertisements galore. The index to the latter alone occupied the eighth of a column. Altogether, the single issue consisted of thirty-two pages.

On the same Sunday, The Sun contained twenty-four pages, with a quantity of reading matter that would have equipped an ordinary newspaper for a week. First came three columns of brilliant gossip from its foreign correspondent. Then an interview with Dom Pedro, the ex-emperor of Brazil; a talk with Emperor William; a graphic story of the death of Cashier Lounsbury, of the New York postoffice; the death of a lonely recluse; a part of the eulogy of United States Senator Daniels, of Virginia, on Jefferson Davis; the art of playing billiards; a page of crisp editorials; the romance of one of Jay Gould's surveys; stories from the woods; how to develop muscular strength; a famous vase; gossip about boxers; sweet woman's chatter; Goethe and his sweet heart; London theatrical successes; the science of advertising; reviews of new books; adventures in the Indian territory; the new war ship Maine; when the war ended; odd accidents, etc., etc.

The Herald leads with superior illustrations and well chosen literary and news matter. Here are some of the more important subjects: The Salvation Army; glimpses of the capital of Vera Cruz; science baffled by sixteen letters; an evening at the Nineteenth Century club; some advice for small incomes; information for and from the masses; what to eat and how to cook; practical hints for riding horseback; footlight facts and fairy fancies; the sunshine and shadow of the theatrical season; the world of society; does the costume make the man or the man the costume; how postal cards made discord; the future of the southwest; negro colonization; a new German air set to music; fame and how it should be sought; odd bells and handsome steeples; a millionaire's first quarter; yacht skippers of celebrity; a family of champion skaters; the living voice of the constitution; mission work among the colored people; a race problem, etc.

The foregoing is but a sample of the good things which the public are enjoying as the result of the spirit of competition that has entered into the production of the best newspapers.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

## VERSES TO THE EDITOR.

**Witty Rhymes Sometimes Accompany Poor Poems.**

The editor of one of New York's many repositories of humor is almost daily in receipt of versified communications from his contributors, submitting verses which in many instances are lamentably inferior to the communications themselves, writes John Kendrick Bangs in Chatter.

From one of most prolific poetic pens came the following:

O! prithee cast your eagle squint  
Over this poetic tale,  
And if 'tis good enough to print  
Remember 'tis for sale.

The same writer shows that even the poet is sometimes compelled to think of material things, and in sending a Sonnet to the Soul to be passed on to the proper channel, he observes:

I say, my Lord, I hope you're well,  
This Sonnet to the Soul  
If ———— wants it I will sell  
For two full tons of coal.

Friendship of many years' standing prevented bloodshed when the editor received a quatrain accompanied by these lofty lines:

They say you don't know what is what,  
I don't believe you do,  
On your decision on this Quat,  
Rests my opinion of you.

To this the editor found it profitable to reply:

I may not know just what is what,  
Or which is which—don't ask it.  
But I do know your little Quat  
Lies buried in my basket.

The next contribution from this gentleman brought with it the invocation:

I pray that you and I may get  
A gift from Heaven's store,  
May you get sense to like these lines,  
I dollars for the pore.

It sometimes happens, as in the three instances following, that money is either lost sight of altogether or is so subordinated that it is rather an accessory than anything else:

I've worked for pay I never got  
Until my head is hoary;  
Take this and here send me not;  
I'll take it out in glory.

Appeals of this sort are very hard to resist, though in the instance following the editor, rather than feel himself responsible for a premature though happy death, returned the poem to the writer. The note read thus:

If I could get this poem in  
Your magazine, O friend,  
I should have reached the pinnacle  
Attained my cherished end.

O! take the poem, print it, and  
Delight my poor weak eye,  
And when I see my lines in type  
O! then I'll gladly die.

The third utterly unselfish verse was as follows:

If you want it, take it!  
I'm not concerned;  
If you don't, why, shake it,  
And be damned.

The meter is rather weak in the last line, but the sentiment of the whole was so refreshing that a very bad poem was accepted and paid for on the strength of the little note that came with it.

## A Bit of Wag.



First Tramp—Say, that dog seems mighty fond of yer.  
Second Tramp—Oh, yes, he's quite attached ter me.—Munsey's Weekly.

## How the Weasel Goes.

He—What sort of an animal would you prefer to be, Miss Northcote—that is, if you had to be an animal?  
She—Oh, I don't know, I am sure. But I know what sort of an animal I would like to have you be.  
He (curiously)—What?  
She—A weasel.  
He—A weasel?—and pray why?  
She—Don't you remember the old nursery rhyme "Pop goes the weasel"?—Burlington Free Press.

## How the Trouble Began.

Kate (saying down a novel)—That's a splendid story, Jack. Have you ever read its sequel?  
Jack—Oh, yes; I have read stories not only its sequel, but far superior.  
Kate—I say, have you read its sequel?  
Jack—And I say, I have read its superiors.  
Kate—Its sequel, Jack, its sequel?  
Jack—Its superiors, Kate, its superiors, and don't you forget it.—New York World.

## A Gourmand.

Graves—Does Feedwell live in good style?  
He—Much of an income, I fancy.  
Merriman—Live! You should see the table he sets! I would like nothing better than to have him rich, and then board with him.—Lowell Citizen.

## How It Happened.

A.—You are so modest I don't see how you ever came to propose to your wife.  
B.—That was very simple. I said nothing, and she said nothing, and so one word brought on another.—Texas Siftings.

## Appropriate to the Occasion.

He (time 4:30 a. m.)—Sing something, dear!  
She (sings)—"Oh, birdie, I am tired now."  
How do you like that?  
He—Good! Where is my overcoat!—Lowell Citizen.

## Classified.

"Isn't a crime, judge, to loosen a swarm of bees on a fellow?"  
"Not a crime. We might call it a bee-setting sin."—New York Sun.

## An Undutiful Son.

Mrs. McCrackle—How can Mr. Jimson be suffering from sunstroke this time of the year?  
McCrackle—He was hit by his unfilial boy.  
Dick—Munsey's Weekly.

## Astrological.

"Had my horoscope cast yesterday."  
"How was it?"  
"Plenty of horror. Little scope."—Munsey's Weekly.

## Chess Notes.

Yeast—Do you play chess?  
Crisscross—Well, no; I can't say that I play it. I work at it occasionally.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Why, Certainly.

Jaggs—What kind of tobacco do you smoke, Baggs?  
Baggs—Smoking tobacco.—St. Paul Globe.

## His Property.

A man in the town of Franklin, this county, is taxed nine cents on real estate and \$3.50 on dogs.—Malone Palladium.

## THE MUSTACHE CRAZE.

**A Curious Fad Practiced by the Belles of San Jose, Cal.**

The latest fad.  
Have you heard about it?  
No! Well, then, here it is.  
It is the gathering of mustache souvenirs by the young ladies.

It has struck San Jose, and the persistency with which those who have the craze go after "just one little hair from your upper lip," if kept up any great length of time, will make some of the San Jose young men's upper lip resemble a plucked fowl.

The reporter was permitted to look up one of these collections last evening, and to say that they are unique would hardly express it.

The one shown was a small white silk banner with gold fringe. The hairs, in some cases there were five, in others only one each of the young man friend, were artistically arranged on the banner, being fastened on with small, red wafers upon which were the initials of the donor. The hairs adorned with the young men's upper lips, were in all colors and shades, from the deep Italian black into that of the "Black Prince" to that of the delicate blonde of the clerk in the shoe store on South First street, and the shapes into which they were woven showed the remarkable skill of the fortunate possessor of these sweet remembrances.

The lady above referred to said it took her just thirty-five days to collect the fifty-three tokens of her gentlemen friends' regard, and "I was nearly one week engaged in arranging them in the presentable manner in which you see them."

The young lady also confided to the reporter the information that there was great rivalry between the young ladies in the matter of their collections, and great secrecy was indulged in until the collection was finally arranged and placed where friends could view it.

"One young acquaintance of mine has a collection of seventy-five. Just think of it!" said the informant. "And she has arranged them on a satin banner in the form of a heart, with a dagger through the center. Oh, it is just lovely! The wafers used to fasten the hairs to the banner are also in various delicate shades and form a most enchanting picture."

The reporter took up his informant's collection and noted the initials. Then another mystery, which he had in vain attempted to solve before, was quickly made plain to him.

The young men of San Jose have for the past three months been shaving off their mustaches, and now this "initial mustache craze" had solved the matter as to why they did so.

Here were the initials of some of the young men, who, if they had heeded to the wishes of one-tenth of their lady friends and given one little memento from their upper lip to each, would not have had a basaloid representation left, while there were others again whose initials adorned this pretty banner who had once claimed "a lady killer," but had left it with the tonsorial artist.

Why? Because the young ladies persisted in selecting the memento themselves and paid no attention as to whether the preceding twenty-four solitaires for like favors had gathered their crop from one side of the lip or not. She wanted her choice from that side also.

And here again was another strange feature of the craze, one which has a more demoralizing effect on the mustaches than the influence has on our best citizens.

The young ladies select only from the left upper lip. And why? Well, because there is supposed to be more of an affinity attached to them than to those on the right side, on account of their being on the same side as the heart.

"There is still another peculiarity in the collection of these mementoes of our gentleman friends," said the young lady. "There are some of my friends who will have only the brunette type, while others ask alone for the blonde type. Now, for instance, I have a blonde friend, and she is securing collections only from her brunette friends, while another friend who is of the brunette persuasion seeks the opposite—blonde."

In addition to the satin and silk banners, plain white cards are used, the cards being edged or bound with ribbon and a light colored wafer used to fasten the relic on. These are more common than the banners, but are made very attractive with ribbon and the arrangement of the gifts.

In regard to the manner of securing the trophy, the reporter was permitted to gaze upon a pair of oxidized silver tweezers which were used to uproot the particular and desired tuft of hair. It was a delicate affair, and was fastened to a small chain, which apparently did service as a fob chain. Those young ladies who are most zealous in their search for treasures from the lips of their young men acquaintances are provided with similar "instruments of torture," and handle them very dexterously, says the young lady informant, who further continues as follows:

"Of course, we don't ask all our acquaintances for a sample of their upper lip covering, for the fact is that some of the young men could not part with even a few hairs without making a breach which would be readily observed; but occasionally, after having been rebuffed by some of the gentlemen, we get desperate, and then the modest mustache has to suffer, and generally the next time the young man calls he comes clean shaven."

"Here are some samples left by a friend of mine for me to arrange."  
The reporter examined the collection, which numbered thirty-two, and found among the initials on the wafers some of San Jose's best known society men.—San Francisco Examiner.

## Presents for Royalty.

The German emperor and empress have been busy of late in unpacking and arranging the innumerable and magnificent gifts presented to them by the sultan. A correspondent at the Berlin court writes that those of the emperor include a splendid sword, valued at not less than \$75,000. The blade is an old Damascus one, of remarkable beauty, being engraved with sentences from the Koran. The hilt is studded with emeralds and diamonds. There are also wide cart loads of the finest Turkish cigarettes, which were specially made for his majesty, and a quantity of smoking accessories, of which may be mentioned a chobuk of amber, covered with precious stones, and a tobacco case with the sultan's initials in Turkish.

The presents of the empress include a pair of agate, composed of the most superb diamonds, from which hang strings of pearls and diamonds, which can be formed into a collar. The value of this gift alone is said to be \$125,000. Her majesty has also received a quantity of costly silks, the oriental carpets, fans, shawls, embroidered slippers, and other articles too numerous to mention. Perhaps, however, the most graceful act of the sultan has been to send her majesty a portrait of her consort, painted especially for the sultan by an Italian master, which was hung, with great tact, in her majesty's bedroom at Yildiz Kiosk. Finally, his majesty has sent the emperor, empress and Prince Henry of Prussia each a magnificent horse of pure Syrian breed.—New York Tribune.

## A CONSIDERATE MAN.

**His Business Was Important, but He Could Wait.**

The most considerate people in the United States live near Omaha, Ark. One of the pleasant and most considerate of those people is James H. Sutton, a man of limited means, financially, but rich in courtesy. One day James, a bachelor, by the way, rode up to the fence surrounding the house of Mrs. Greg, a widow, and seeing her sweeping the yard, thus addressed her: "Oh, Mrs. Greg, have you got time to come here a minute? I want to see you on a little matter of business."

"I am in a pretty big hurry to get this yard done, Mr. Sutton, and if your business isn't so mighty important, why, I'd like for you to put it off awhile."

"All right. I'll be back this way in about an hour from now, and if you ain't busy then I'll tell you what I want. Good mornin'!"

James rode away, and about an hour afterward he again rode up to the fence.

"Still busy, Mrs. Greg?"

"Yes, fur I ain't got the yard done yet, and I wanted to finish it befo' the preacher comes."

"When do you look for him?"

"Most any mornin' now."

"Well, then, I reckon I'll have to wait a while longer, for I don't want you to be embarrassed on my account."

"How long would it take to attend to the business you've got on hand, Mr. Sutton?"

"Oh, not long, but we can put it off easy enough. I just wanted to ask you to marry me, but I'll wait till you get the time. Good mornin', Mrs. Greg!"—Arkansas Traveler.

## Five Times Fool.

Two English travelers in the east one day entered the shop of a Jew who, though he spoke several other languages, had but a slight acquaintance with English. On his failure to make the Jew understand what he wanted one of the travelers said carelessly to the other: "The old fool doesn't speak English."

Unfortunately this remark came within the radius of the Jew's comprehension and drew from him the following questions:

"Do you speak Italian?"

"No," answered both.

"Do you speak Greek?"

"No."

"Do you speak Turk?"

"No."

"Do you speak Spanish?"

"No."

"Do you speak French?"

"No."

Then, after a pause for preparation, the old man ejaculated, energetically:

"Me one time fool; you five times fool!"—Philadelphia Times.

## About Rivers.

Rivers have their eccentricities and you cannot always rely upon them. In times of the greatest commercial prosperity they will sometimes get up a run upon their banks. In the dry season they are very slothful, hardly leaving their beds for days at a time. You consider them poor housekeepers, until some day you see them get up and sweep everything before them. Knowing little of fruit generally, they are well up in currents. The career of a river is short at the longest, and even then it is liable to be considerably abridged. If arrested in its course, however, it is judged by a jury of its peers. When a young man runs wild his friends are always pleased to see him change his course. Not so with a river; when it changes its course the result is often disastrous. Such was the case at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, when the river of that name, after being on a "high" for some time, suddenly changed its course almost at right angles, just south of the city limits, running orchards and destroying the growing crops.—Texas Siftings.

## The Plumber Feared.

A plumber was sent for to the house of a wealthy stock broker to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to the apprentice who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain, and these coppers home to my misus at once. These seem to be dishonest people about this house."—Weekly Scotsman.

## Not Very Far.

In an old Scottish town a man was tried for stealing a coat from a shop. The judge, turning to the witness, asked what he the prisoner said when he was charged. Witness—He said it was a joke. Judge (to accused)—How far did you carry the joke? "Well, am no' richt shure," was the response, "but I think it was about twenty yards."—Weekly Scotsman.

## It Should Be Stopped.

Husband (a member of the Sportsmen's club)—I see they have arrested some men in the east for shooting birds on the wing.

Wife—Serves them right. They should shoot them on the head or on the foot. You men have no idea how ugly a spoiled wing looks on a hat.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## Important to Men of Fashion.

A gentleman who several years ago lost both legs informs us that his trousers never lag at the knees. We print the information for the benefit of such of our readers as have hitherto been unable to discover a remedy for this annoying propensity of pantaloons.—Boston Transcript.

## A Bit of History.

Abdallah was the father of Mahomet. He was so beautiful that two young ladies' seminaries in his town committed suicide upon the day of his marriage, and the officiating clergyman kissed him instead of the bride.—New York Sun.

## A Serious Want of Knowledge.

Benedetto (the Sicilian)—Signor! Whistle "Il Trovatore," ze bear stop n' dance!

Party in distress—I don't know th' b—blamed t-tune.—Life.

## Accidentally Overheard.

First Small Boy (triumphantly)—I tell you what, John L. Sullivan can knock down everybody in this city!

Second Small Boy (defiantly)—What of it? You can't lick me!—Lowell Citizen.

## More than Enough.

Visitor—Do you have much music in Lowell this winter?

Do we? There is a drum corps practicing every night next door to our editorial rooms.—Lowell Citizen.

## Not a Wholesale Customer.

Small Boy—Mister, how much is creamery butter a tub?

Grocer (smiling pleasantly)—Some sized tubs of the very best are \$10. How much did your folks want, my little man?

Small Boy (placing a nickel on the counter)—Mother wants the biggest five cents' worth you've got in the store.—Exchange.

## Strained Relations.

Miss Selby—Papa, what are "strained relations?"

Mr. Selby—About the only illustration I can think of just now, my dear, is the time Fanny's sister-in-law and her uncle came to visit him, and had to lug their own trunk up stairs.—Burlington Free Press.

## Perhaps It Had Only Gone Astray.

"I declaim," said Gus de Jay, in a disconsolate tone, "I had an idea just now, and it has completely left my brain, you know."

"Maybe not," said his friend. "Possibly it got to roaming around your head and lost itself."—Washington Post.

## Croup may be prevented by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child shows the first symptom of the disease, which can always be done if the remedy is kept at hand. Hoarseness is the first symptom of croup. Sold by A. L. Shander.

## Notice.

To Hattie B. Breeze, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 23d day of December, 1889, Fred J. Breeze filed a petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you have voluntarily abandoned the said plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past; and that said plaintiff is of unsound mind, and is unable to defend himself, and is in need of a guardian. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 17th day of February, 1890.

FRED J. BREEZE, Plaintiff.  
By Atkinson & Doty, Attorneys.

## Notice of Publication.

In the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.  
The Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff,  
vs.  
E. L. Johnson and James W. Smith, defendants.

E. L. Johnson (or Edward L. Johnson) and James W. Smith, defendants, will take notice that on the 28th day of December, 1889, the Citizens' National Bank of Hillsborough, Ohio, plaintiff herein, filed its petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to recover the sum of \$6,547.32, with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1889, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, due and unpaid upon a certain judgment duly rendered and entered in the Common Pleas court of Highland county, State of Ohio, having jurisdiction in such cases, said judgment is for the sum of \$6,547.32, and bears interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.

Also the following: North half of N. E. quarter and west half of N. E. quarter, all in Section Eleven (11), Town 10 (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: West half of Section Two, and west half of N. E. quarter, and south half of S. E. quarter, all in Section Two (2), Town 10 (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: East half of S. W. quarter and S. E. quarter, all in Section Thirty-four (34), Town Eleven (11), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

Also the following: North half of N. E. quarter and west half of N. E. quarter, all in Section Ten (10), Town ten (10), Range 7, county and state aforesaid.

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